THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

This just seems grossly excessive.

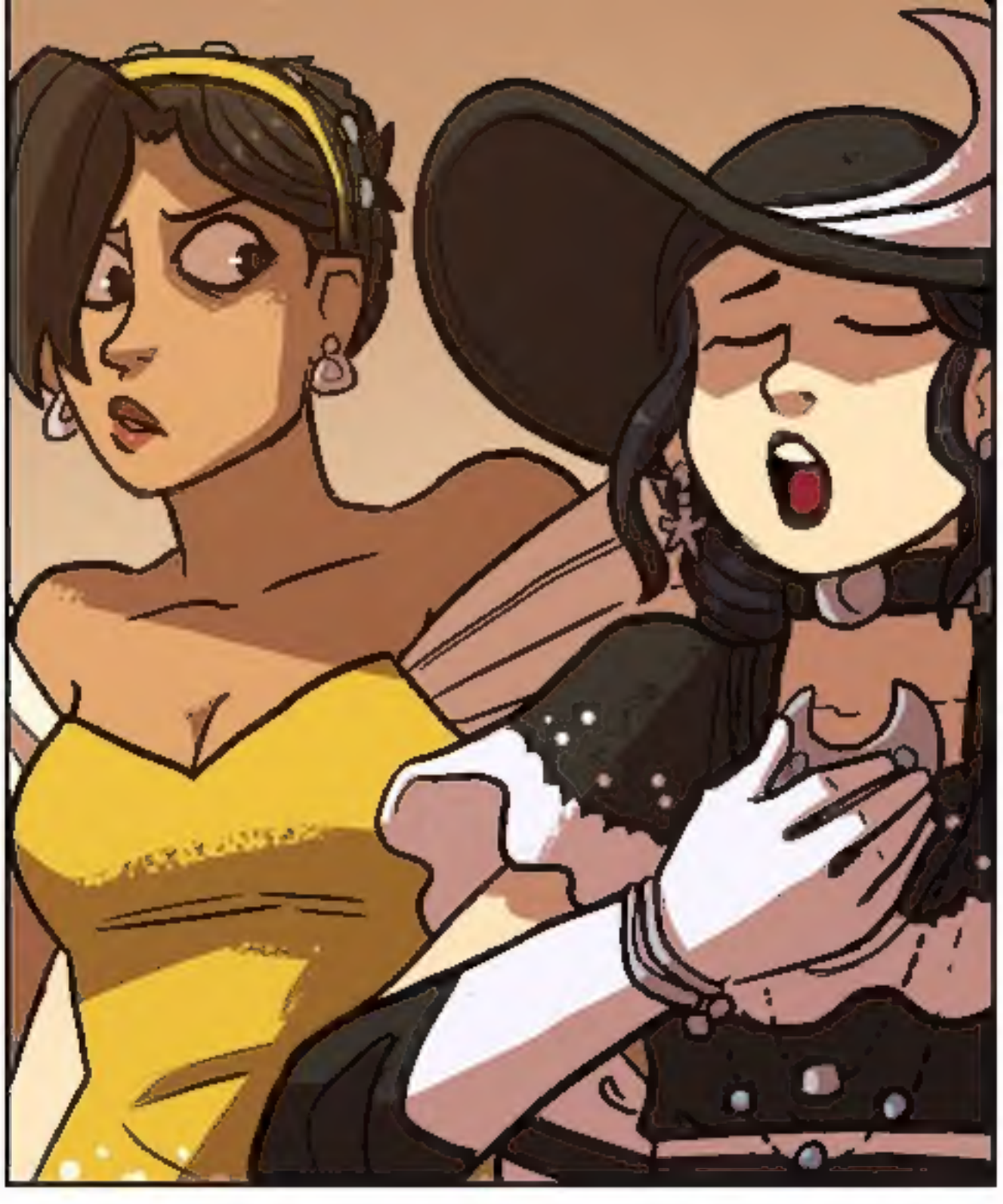
What does? The rich holding an auction in the comfort of a well-warded hall while the world ends outside?

Yeah like, haven't any of these guys read Masque of the Red Death?

Read what?

Masque of the Red Death? Edgar Allan Poe?
Oh, I've not read any of his work.

Really? *You* aren't a fan of *Poe?*
I have no idea why you'd assume I was.



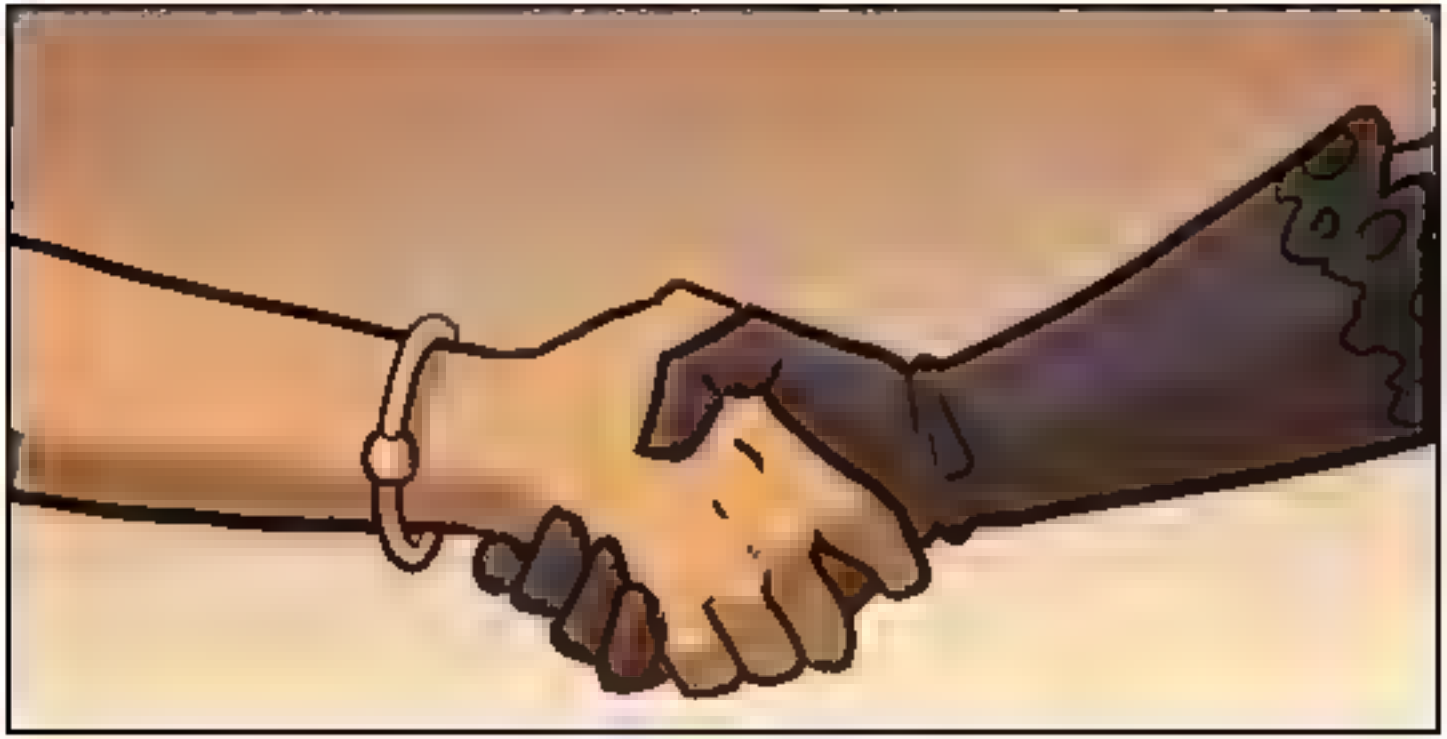
Now do try and behave, at least until we've gotten what we came for.

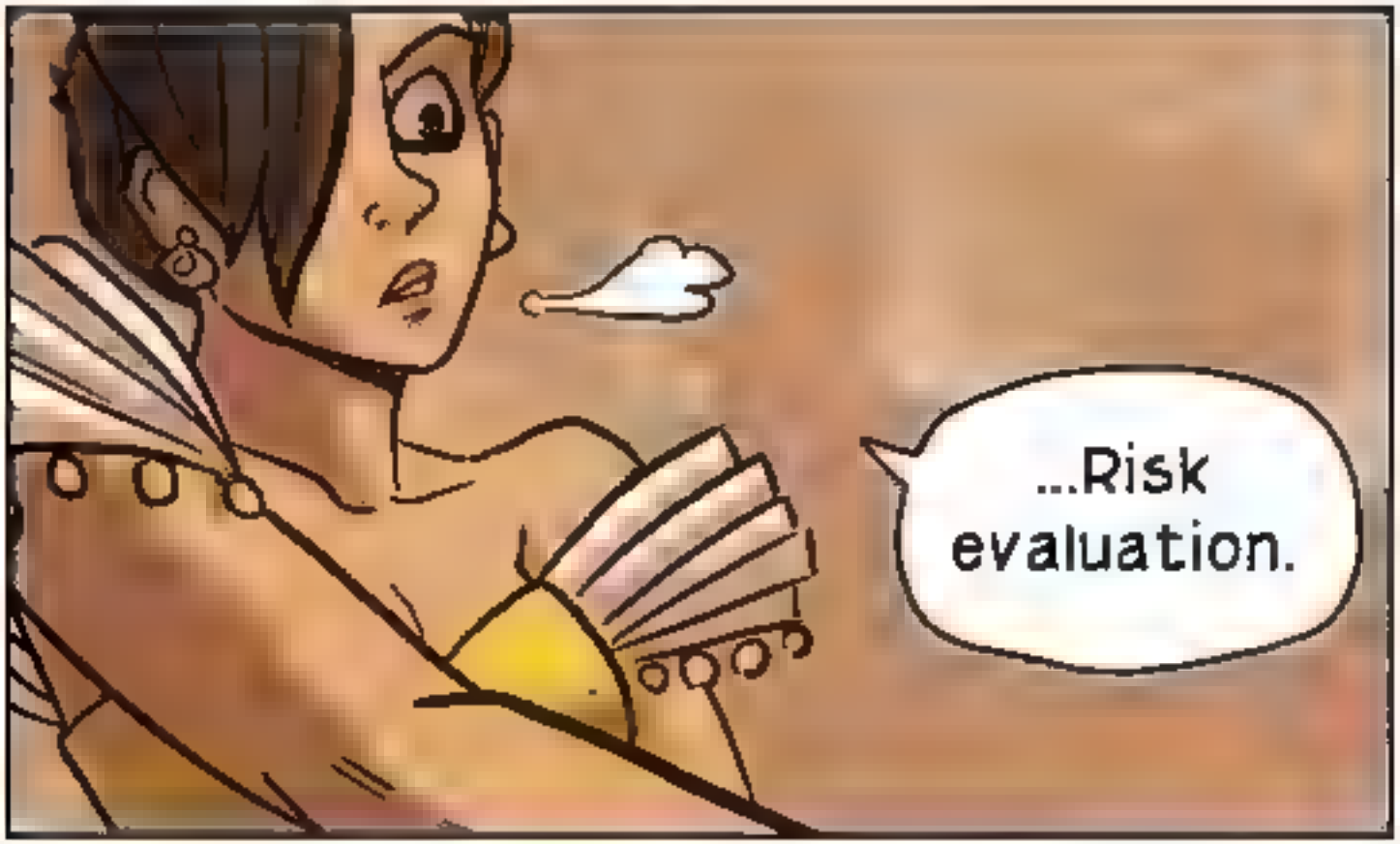
I dunno Yun.
Some of these people look so punchable.

You're not wrong about that...

Stygian Medusa.
Bold of you to show your face.

Ms... *Poe*. This is the Plutonian Flame, head of the private military contractor F.A.M.I.L.I.A.R. Flame, this is my associate Ms. Poe.
And what is it you do for the Medusa, Ms. Poe?

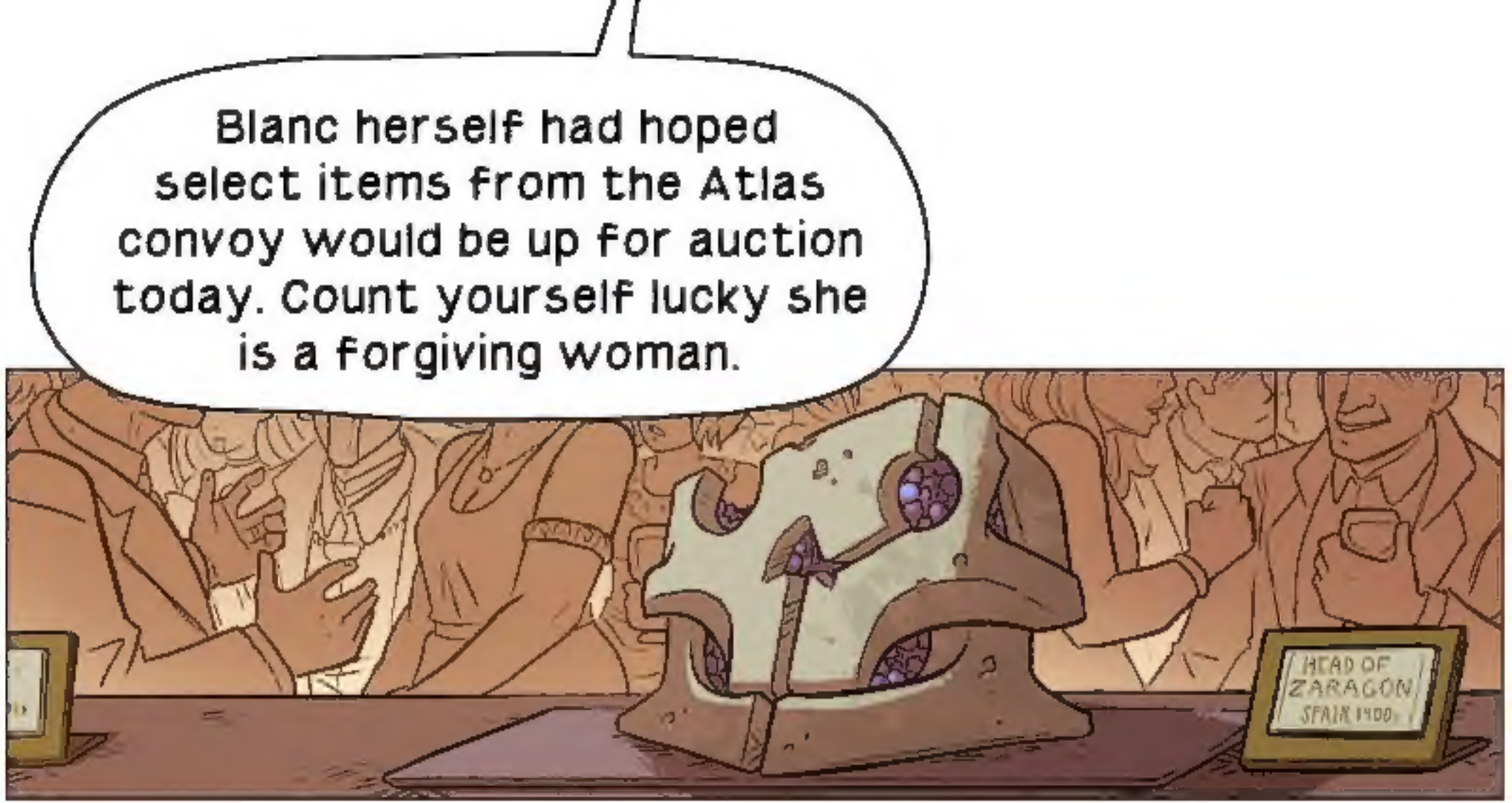



...Risk evaluation.

I'm surprised to see you in the flesh.
When Madame Blanc hosts an event, it deserves a personal appearance.

Ah, and here I was concerned that the castle wards were simply too much for you to project past.

Watch your tongue, serpent.
Your perpetual screw-ups haven't gone unnoticed, and you have few friends here.


Blanc herself had hoped select items from the Atlas convoy would be up for auction today. Count yourself lucky she is a forgiving woman.
HEAD OF ZARAGON
SPAIN 1400

I however haven't forgotten about the time and assets I lost to Operation Marathon.
You're going to pay for that, one way or another.

She is *cold.*
Yes, well, some plucky hero with a bat comes along and ruins a few of your jobs in a row, and your reputation is bound to take a dip.
I meant like her hand.
Ah. Plutonian Flame fuels her witchcraft with her body heat.
Huh.

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